Not from the Dust Affliction Grows

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

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| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
  Not    from the dust a-      ffliction grows, Nor

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
  troubles rise by       chance; Yet

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
  we are born to         care and woes, A

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  sad inheri-            tance.
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The other verses

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.